

PHOENIX TO L. A. IN TWENTY-EIGHT HOURS

An obstinate ferryman, who refused to leave his warm bunk to take him and his machine across the Colorado river in Arizona, prevented "Chevrolet Dick" Hollingsworth from hanging up a new record from Phoenix to Los Angeles last week. As it was, Hollingsworth made the long run in an even 28 hours, out of which but twenty hours was spent in actual travelling. Hollingsworth used a Chevrolet Baby Grand roadster on his "jaunt," and declares his maximum speed did not reach forty miles an hour.

Hollingsworth was in Phoenix Saturday afternoon when a telegram came which called him to Los Angeles. He was ready to start at 2 o'clock and headed for Salome without other preparation than plenty of gas and oil, and a radiator full of water. Salome was reached at seven o'clock, but the trip was not resumed until eleven, as "Chevrolet Dick" waited over to see a party arriving on the night train.

The Ehrenberg ferry at the Colorado was reached at three in the morning, and then Dick's troubles began. No money offer or other persuasion could convince the ferry tender he should run his boat across the wide stream, so the Chevrolet pilot was forced to cool his heels until after seven. At Blythe, Tom Corrigan treated "Chevrolet Dick" to a hearty breakfast, and the run toward Los Angeles was resumed a few minutes after eight o'clock.

From this point on "Chevrolet Dick" had easy sailing, and Los Angeles and the Stowell hotel were reached at 7:30 that night. Two punctures were all the grief encountered, and Hollingsworth is willing to pit his Chevrolet roadster at any time against any car and driver who have aspirations toward negotiating the desert trip in record time.

It makes no difference what your wants may be, you can have them supplied by using and reading The Republican's Classified Pages—Arizona's Leading Advertising Medium.

Make Hens Lay More

Eggs will soon be selling at record prices. Poultry raisers giving their flocks proper attention will make extraordinary profits. Government experts are loud in their praise of a wonderful more-egg tonic distributed by the Stock Yards Veterinary Laboratory. This wonderful tonic shortens the moult, hastens pullets to early maturity, tones up the entire flock, stimulates the egg producing organs and makes every hen lay more eggs.

Prof. R. H. Harnas, poultry expert at the New Jersey station, says: "This tonic is an excellent one. We have used it with great success, therefore recommend it very highly." Prof. R. L. Putins, poultry expert at the Kentucky station, writes: "This is a most excellent tonic—one that cannot be improved on." This marvelous more-egg tonic will surely revolutionize the poultry and egg business. It certainly is a great profit producer. No poultry raiser can afford to be without it.

Send one dollar to the Stock Yards Veterinary Laboratory, 2025 Laboratory Building, Kansas City, Mo., and you will receive 100 tablets of this wonderful more-egg tonic.

If this tonic does not make your hens lay more eggs, your money will be returned. This is guaranteed; is endorsed by a big Kansas City National Bank. Send for free poultry booklet.—Adv.

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After Peace--It Will Take Two Years to Get All The Boys Home Again--It Is The Danger Period of Morale

THE MARINES WOULD DIE FOR OLD BAPTIST "DOC" HE ALMOST DIED FOR THEM

By Sergt. Alexander Woolcott
of "The Stars and Stripes," A. E. F.

The old Baptist "Doc" alluded to is, of course, Dr. John H. Clifford of Tucson, "Y" secretary and hero of Château Thierry—that same fine gentleman who was in Phoenix last week and who met many people here. Read Sergt. Woolcott's story of what "Doc" Clifford means to the Marines and then remember such work as "Doc" Clifford is doing to be sustained and strengthened by your gift to

The UNITED WAR WORK FUND—CAMPAIGN OPENS MONDAY



John H. Clifford of Tucson

The "Old Baptist" "Doc" alluded to in this story

YOU would turn your pockets inside out for the United War Work Campaign if you knew dear old "Doc" of the Marines, a white-haired, slow-speaking padre, who is Y. secretary with the leathernecks and so beloved by them that it's past telling. He was a preacher in Arizona—had been, I think, a missionary with the lepers when the war came, and he went from his pulpit to the Y.

They have always loved him, the Marines. I think it was because he had the genius for meeting all mankind brother-to-brother. And because he would not spare himself any hardship that the boys had to undergo.

If they hiked, he would not ride. If they had to march half-way across France as fast as their legs would carry them, Doc marched, too, and what is more, carried the full pack, lest any boy should ever say old Doc did not know what a real hike meant.

Of course, their devotion became a cult on the Marne when it was he who took the hind end of a litter and went out through a very rain of shells to bring in and save the wounded colonel. And they did save him. Can't you picture it—the two of them creeping over the treacherous ground, with the private turning now and then and hissing back to poor old bulky Doc not to "stick up so far" in the air?

That little expedition dropped Doc unconscious with gas and shrapnel, and when he came to he found that quite mysteriously, all his Y insignia had been cut away and Marine emblems sewed on in their place.

Doc holds services now and then. I know of one a young Jew organized. It was held in a deserted church which a volunteer squad had spent three hours in cleaning for the occasion—three hours routing the dust and cobwebs and litter of fallen plaster and broken glass. Then the congregation trooped in and the service began with the distribution of rosaries fished from Doc's capacious pockets for the Catholic boys, some of whom had lost theirs in the fight.

They have a way of looping their rosary through their left shoulder strap and wearing it into battle as the knights of old wore their lady's colors into the jousts. It is an inspiring thing to see a whole company thus beautifully uniformed, but sometimes they come back with the beads torn away.

Well, Doc distributed his own supply and I doubt if a passerby at that moment would have suspected him of being a Baptist clergyman. Doc—and indeed most of the padres of the front—have to rake their memories to tell what denomination was theirs before they took this great communion.

Why you should give twice as much as you ever gave before!

The need is for a sum 70% greater than any gift ever asked for since the world began. The Government has fixed this sum at \$170,500,000.

By giving to these seven organizations all at once, the cost and effort of six additional campaigns is saved.

Unless Americans do give twice as much as ever before, our soldiers and sailors may not enjoy during 1919 their

3600 Recreation Buildings
1000 Miles of Movie Film
100 Leading Stage Stars
2000 Athletic Directors
2500 Libraries supplying 5,000,000 books
85 Hostess Houses
15,000 Big-brother "secretaries"
Millions of dollars of home comforts

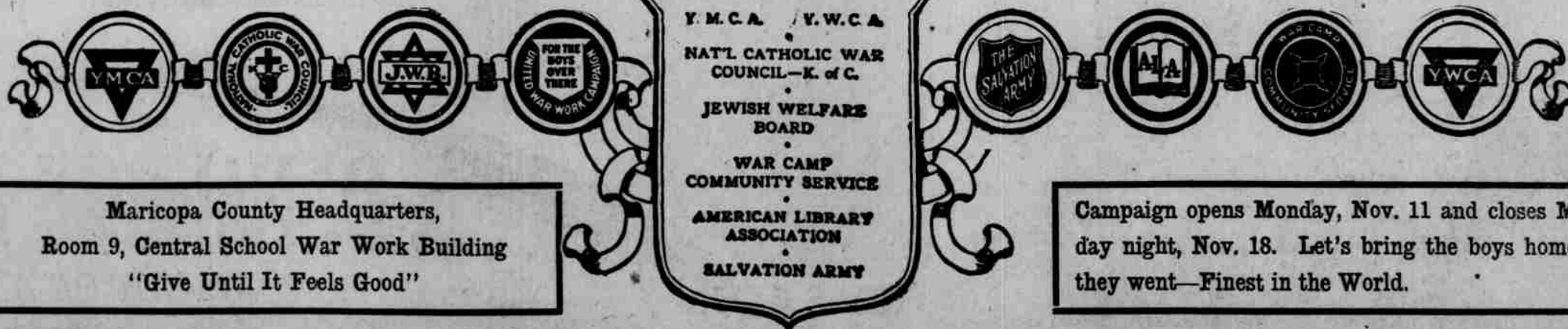
When you give double, you make sure that every fighter has the cheer and comforts of these seven organizations every step of the way from home to the front and back again. You provide him with a church, a theatre, a cheerful home, a store, a school, a club and an athletic field—and a knowledge that the folks back home are with him, heart and soul!

You have loaned your money to supply their physical needs.

Now give to maintain the Morale that is winning the war!

And Baptist Doc is only one of thousands who are serving your boys in the great religion of Fatherhood, whose creed and faith are Service. Keep them on the job next year! Pershing needs a thousand like them every month.

UNITED WAR WORK CAMPAIGN



Maricopa County Headquarters,
Room 9, Central School War Work Building
"Give Until It Feels Good"

Campaign opens Monday, Nov. 11 and closes Monday night, Nov. 18. Let's bring the boys home as they went—Finest in the World.